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SOUTH VIEW OF THE OLD BATH-HOUSE,
COLD-BATH SQUARE, CLERKENWELL.

This celebrated Bath was originally the property of one Walter Baynes, who purchased a moiety of the estate, in 1696; when it comprised Windmill Hill, or Sir John Oldcastle's Field, extending westward from Sir John Oldcastle's to the River Fleet, or, as it was then called, Turnmill Brook; and southward, by Coppye Row, to the same brook, near the Clerk's Wells: while Gardiner's Farm was the plot on which stands the Middlesex House of Correction. When Walter Baynes purchased this property, his attention was first directed to the *Cold Spring* situate upon his moiety, and which, in 1697, he converted into a *Bath*, spoken of, eleven years afterwards, in the "New View," as "the most noted and *first about London*." The latter part of this assertion, as it was written so near the time at which it states the origin of our Cold Bath, is sufficient to disprove the story of its having been the bath of Nell Gwynn, whom a *nude* figure, on porcelain, preserved by the proprietor, is said to represent.* Most probably, the spring was discovered by Mr. Baynes, at

the commencement of his building operations: certainly, none of the legal instruments relating to the estate, of an earlier period, make mention of it.

In Mr. Baynes's time, the charge for bathing was 2s.; or, in the case of patients, who, from weakness, required "the chair," 2s. 6d. The chair was suspended from the ceiling, in such a manner, that a person placed in it could be thereby lowered into the water, and drawn up again in the same way. The water was at the acme of its reputation in 1700. Of its utility, in cases of weakness more especially, there can be no question. Besides which, its efficacy is stated in the cure of scorbutic complaints, nervous affections, rheumatism, chronic disorders, &c. It is a chalybeate, and deposits a saline incrustation. The spring is said to supply twenty thousand gallons daily. The height to which it rises in the marble receptacles prepared for it, is four feet seven inches. For a single bath, the charge is now 1s.; or, the visitor may subscribe by the month, quarter, or year. There are, besides, all the requisite conveniences for shower or warm bathing.

* Cromwell's History and Description of the Parish of Clerkenwell, 1838.

THE MIRROR.

Until the sale of the estate in 1811, the Bath House, with the garden in which it stood, comprised an area of 103 feet by 60, enclosed by a brick wall, with a summer-house (resembling a little tower) at each angle. The house had several gables, and the whole external appearance was singular and antique. The freehold being divided into three lots, was bought for 3,830*l.* by the Trustees of the Fever Hospital, at Pancras, whose intention it was to erect that hospital on the site. Relinquishing their design, through the interference of the county magistrates, and the opposition it excited in the neighbourhood, they let the garden on building leases, and the whole is now covered with houses, the Bath remaining in the midst.

In 1815, the exterior of the Bath House was nearly all taken down, leaving only a small portion of its frontage which it still retains.

Among the many *Baths of London*, the following, with the above, are the most celebrated :-

St. Agnes le Clerc, Old-Street-Road, is a spring of considerable antiquity, having been known in the time of Henry VIII. It is said to be efficacious in rheumatic and nervous cases. The house for the accommodation of visitors, contains two baths, the larger for the use of gentlemen, and the smaller for ladies.

Peerless Pool, City-road, having been formerly a dangerous pond, was called *Perilous Pool*, till 1748, when it was fitted up in a commodious style by Mr. Kemp, who denominated it *Peerless*, a name to which it is justly entitled, being the largest public bath in the metropolis. It measures one hundred and seventy feet in length, and one hundred in breadth, and is surrounded by boxes, for the convenience of the bathers. Here likewise, is a commodious cold bath, forty feet long, and twenty broad.

St. Chad's Wells, Grays-Inn-Lane-road, were formerly celebrated for their medicinal properties, but are now little frequented. They are said to have derived their name from St. Chad, the first Bishop of Lichfield.

There are also numerous other baths in various parts of the Metropolis; with three floating baths, on the river Thames.

Baths are of great antiquity. Homer even mentions hot baths in the Trojan times, though these were very rare. In fact, they were generally discouraged by the Greeks. It was long before the Romans used baths, and the very name *thermae*, shows they were borrowed from the Greeks. Among the Celtic nations, the ancient Germans bathed every day in warm water during winter, and in cold during summer. In England, the famous bath in Somersetshire is said, by some, to have been in use eight centuries before Christ. Baths, we learn from Strabo, Pliny, Hippocrates, and Oribasius, were always in high esteem for many diseases, and hence, their frequent exhortations to washing in the sea, and plunging

into cold water. The first instance of *cold bathing* for medicinal purposes, is that of Melampus, who bathed the daughters of the King of Argos; and the first instance of warm bathing is that of Medea, who was said to boil people alive, since Pelias, King of Thessaly died in a hot bath under her hands. The cold bath was used with success by Antonius Musa, physician to the Emperor Augustus, for the recovery of that prince; but it fell into neglect after the death of Marcellus, who was believed to have met his death from indulging in it to excess.

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night! good night! may kindly spirits twine,
And round thy brow a rosy chaplet breathe,
And ev'ry rare and sweeter influence breathe
O'er thee, as o'er some pure and hallowed shrine.
Good night!

Soft as the od'rous breathings of the eve,
Or early summer's kindest, gentlest shower,
May sleep's most mild and renovating power,
Its balmy spells around thy senses weave,
Good night!

Calm, clear, and beauteous, dearest, be thy sleep,
Like thy young hopes: and as the liquid dew
Of night doth all the folded flowers imbue,
So tranquil thoughts thy fragrant slumbers steep,
Good night!

Pure as the current of the glassy stream
From the far-distant mountains, or the meek
And gentle tear on Pity's dewy cheek,
Be the fair spirit of thy golden dream.
Good night!

Wake to the morrow's throbbing hopes and fears,
And all that on its many-colour'd wing
The bright and joyous world may bring,
Wake thou to all—except, perchance, its tears,
Good night!

Dearest, good night! to slumber now resign
All transitory cares—while o'er thy head
Sweet ministering angels softly shed,
The incense of this earnest prayer of mine.
Good night! Good night!

G. H.

SECTS OF GREECE,

THEIR ADAPTATION TO HUMAN PASSIONS.

ALL the Grecian sects had an affinity more or less direct with the different temperaments of men; whence the choice of sectarians often depended on physical influence, or a peculiar disposition of their organs. Nothing appears more natural than that those men, who were born with great force of mind, and strong nerves, should discover a strong predilection for Stoicism, while mortals endowed by nature with more delicacy of fibres, and keener sensibilities, fled for refuge to the myrtles of Epicurus. People whose temperaments partook of no extremes, were always inclined either for the Lyceum or the Academy. Such as possessed solidity of understanding ranged themselves with Aristotle; and those who had only genius, or even pretensions to that endowment, went to augment the crowd of Platonists.*

H. K.

* Pauw's Philosophical Dissertation.

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CELTIC REVENGE.

AN ILLUSTRATIVE TALE.

[Concluded from page 85.]

SWEEPING almost unopposed through the crowd, the forester darted on and on, the recent torture only adding new nerve and swiftness to his flight, till arrived at the base of the towering precipice, he scaled its rugged and sloping sides with a fearful dexterity, almost before pursuit was available. The chief in this moment of despair drew forth an arrow from his quiver, and levelled it at the flying forester; but the man, watchful of intent, instantly paused in his progress—placed the child before him as a protective shield, and the shaft fell from the slackened string, as though doubtful whether it might not wing death to the innocent rather than the guilty.

Here it was that, raising the child aloft, he poured down upon the plain a cry of loud and delirious revenge, like the cry of some fallen spirit, compressing within its fearful compass all the fell malignity of the lost. Thrilling, indeed, were the deep and dreary tones which rose piercingly from the plain below, answered as though in the shrill mockery of hate, from the brow of the precipice above. Louder and louder still rose the wailings of the mother on seeing herself thus relentlessly bereaved, and her child exposed to such fearful jeopardy. Her white hands were raised imploringly to heaven, and her voice uplifted in utterances of passionate anguish. Her whole frame seemed tremulous with convulsion, and her fair features wore a hue of the most stainless whiteness. In this height of terrible despair, her eyes assumed at times a wild and settled brilliancy, as though gazing on the mystic movements of some distant apparition, and at other times a glassy and unearthly glitter, like the dim shinings of the vision-lacking dead. With woman's calm and intrepid daring in the hour of danger, she would have scaled the almost impracticable crag, had she not been forcibly restrained by her kinsmen, who well knew the utter hopelessness of the attempt. All she could now do in the last agony of hope, was to implore the pity of the ravisher of her child—but this was like a whisper to the tornado.

What an instrument of power is the soul in the hands of passion! How wild and sudden are the alternations of which that soul is susceptible. If at one time it feel the rich delirium of gladness, the high and lofty jubilee of hope, and the uplifting of a lofty emulation—this paradise of its joy may momentarily lie withered beneath the spell of passion, temptation or despair. And here it was with passion in its dreadlest shape—the passion of deadly and undisguised revenge, with which we have to do—revenge too stern, deep-seated, and relentless, to lend hearkening unto aught that is sacred or subduing in the implorations of a mother's love, piercing and powerful though they be. Untouched, unsubdued, by either

threatening or entreaty, the man continued mounting higher and higher, till he had almost reached the last point of the projecting cliff. Here their position was that of the supremest danger—the gaunt athletic figure of the forester, balanced, as it appeared, upon the minutest point, and standing out in shadowy relief upon a sky of deepening blue. The child lay apparently untroubled on his arm, garlanded with the fresh flowers its mother had so lately woven round its hair, and smiling as though upon a race of pleasure. Alas! those flowers were destined to outlive its little span of life, and that smile, radiant as the morning, stamped with the imprint of an early death!

The chief, hitherto stern and unforgiving, now speedily gave way beneath such aggregate of woe, leaving his mind an easy prey to the moulding power of circumstance or chance. Lifting his voice from the plain below, he expressed his deep and poignant sorrow, on account of the degrading punishment which, in a moment of excitement, he had inflicted on his clansman, and signified his willingness to submit to any conditions which might effect the immediate restoration of his child. The forester, at first, appeared to regard this proffer of the chief with an air of reckless defiance, but suddenly he started forward as though eager to grasp the opportunity of portioning out to the chief a cup of the most tardy and bitterest resentment, demanding, in a tone of fiendish exultation, as the sole treaty of restoration, that the chief himself should bare his shoulders to the lash, and undergo the same ignominious scourging as himself! What demand could be more galling to the chief and leader of a tribe?—but, nevertheless, the dearest of earthly treasures was at stake, and the impulse of a fond father's love was too powerful for the matiny of pride. To the grief and terror of his vassals, the chief underwent the humiliating torture, in all its horrid and repulsive detail, till faint with loss of blood, and the agony of protracted torture, he was scarcely able to pronounce the pardon of the man would he return and restore to him the object of his love.

And here, indeed, we almost might conclude, that the very climax of the deadliest vengeance was complete—but, alas, no!—The plot of revenge was only now ripe for fearful consummation, the fires of sudden passion having changed with their abatement into the steady rancour of unmitigable hate.

The still close of evening now gathered fast over the rich-laughing lustres of the sunset, gradually unfolding to the eye the bright heraldry of the upward heaven. The alone rallying point of vision was the bold and projecting crag, as it stood out like an obelisk of the doomed in the gathering gloom of the fast-closing day. A sepulchral silence reigned all around, broken only at intervals by the deep bay of the grey dogs, or the fitful and loud-echoing laugh which ever and anon

fell thrillingly from the darkling crag. As the gloom of evening gradually thickened, fires were kindled in the plain below, which at the same time that they served to illuminate the gazing multitude, threw a flickering and lurid glare over the towering precipice, revealing in outlines dim and indistinct, the athletic figure of the forester. A few moments having elapsed, the man was called upon to fulfil the promised compact by instantly descending and restoring the child to its doating and distracted parents. This was a moment of most terrible suspense, and every heart was beating high with anxious expectation. The man appeared preparing to descend from his perilous position, and a thrill of gladness seemed to actuate the riveted spectators of the scene, but suddenly he drew back with a wild and frantic start, as though struggling against the mastery of passion, or palsied beneath the circling of the magic wand of inevitable fate. What could be the meaning of such sudden transport?

Revenge, when it once gains undisputed possession of the heart—such is the might and tremendousness of its sway, that the present is as one wild eclipse of intellect and nature; and the future, one dark and one clouded vision, hung with the fearful omens of the wildest despair. The cry of ceaseless supplication—the wail of unexpressed and unmitigated anguish—the silent, but eloquent attitude of prayer—were equally unavailable to arrest its fearful current—the chasm, opening up in measureless horror underneath, the tumult of its waters, down which the crew of many a noble vessel had glided, like a passing vision, unto death—the upward magnificence of the starry heaven, had, alas! no charm, no staying influence over one in whom passion had long deadened or overcome every feeling and faculty of love!—uttering a wild and a thrilling imprecation, as the fires below threw a red and sudden blaze across the scene, the forester sprang forward from the lofty elevation, and sank, with the blameless victim of his vengeance, amid the caverns and whirlpools of the deep.

C. M. A.

BOOK AMATEURS.*

THE BIBLIOPHILIST, AND BIBLIOPHOBIST.

THE Book-Amateur is a type, which it is important to seize, for every remain of him quickly perishes. The books, themselves, that are printed, exist no more than four centuries at most, while they accumulate already, in a certain country, to so enormous a degree, as to perilize the ancient equilibrium of the globe. Civilization has arrived at the most unexpected of its periodes, the age of paper. Since everybody has taken to book-making, nobody has need to buy. Our young authoress,

* Translated from a Sketch by M. Charles Nodier, Member of the French Academy.

now-a-days, can furnish themselves with their own library complete.

Considering the amateur of books as a species which subdivides itself into at least two varieties, the first rank of this ingenious and capricious family is due to the Bibliophilist.

The BIBLIOPHILIST (*Biblion, Gr.*, a book, and *Philev*, I love,) is a man gifted with some spirit and intelligence, who takes pleasure in works of genius, sentiment, and imagination. He loves and rejoices in the mute conversation of those great spirits, who have adorned and dignified humanity. He loves a book as a friend loves the portrait of a friend, as a lover loves the portrait of his mistress; and, like the lover, he loves to adorn that which he loves. He scrupulously takes care of the precious volume which has filled his heart with keen sensations of delight or sorrow, and clothes it in all the glories of gilded cloths and moroccos. His library is as resplendent with golden laces as the toilet of a favourite; and by their exterior appearance itself, his books are worthy of the regards of consuls, as Virgil wished his own to be. The Bibliophilist of our epoch, is the savant, the literary man, and the poor scholar.

The BIBLIOPHOBIST (*Biblion, a book, and Phobeo*, I fly from, or detest), is, *toto caelo*, the opposite of the Bibliophilist. . . . There is a kind of bibliophobist in whom I can pardon almost anything, except his brutal antipathy against books, the most delicious of all things after women, flowers, butterflies, and rosy little girls. This man is prudent, sensible, and little-cultivated, who has fallen into a decided horror of books, on account of the abuses they create, and the evils they generate. Such was a noble and old commander of Valais, who said to me, in flinging gently from his hand the only volume which remained to me, (it was, alas! Plato), "Away with it, away with it, for heaven's sake; this is one of those drolls which prepared the revolution! Also," added he, fiercely, after having adjusted with some little coquetry the tufts of his grey whisker, "I take heaven to witness, that I never read a single line of it."

EXPLICATION OF THE FABLE OF PROMETHEUS.

PROMETHEUS, say the ancients, made a man of clay, mixt with certain parcels taken from divers animals.

Studying to maintain his work by art, that he might not be accounted a founder only, but propagator of human kind, he stole up to Heaven with a bundle of twigs, which he kindled at the Chariot of the Sun, came down again, and communicated it to men.

Notwithstanding this excellent work of his, he was requited with ingratitude, in a treacherous conspiracy, for they accused both him and his invention to Jupiter, which was not so received as it should have been, for the

information was pleasing to Jupiter, and all the gods.

And, therefore, in a merry mood, Jupiter, granted unto men, not only the use of fire, but perpetual youth also, a boon most acceptable and desirable.

They, being as it were, overjoyed, foolishly laid this gift of the gods upon the back of an ass, who being greatly oppressed with thirst, and near a fountain, was told by a serpent (in whose custody it was) that he should not drink, unless he would promise to give him the burthen that was on his back.

The silly ass accepted the condition, and so the restoration of youth, sold for a draught of water, past from men to serpents.

This, the first part of the fable, shall at present suffice, since it demonstrates and presses many true and grave speculations.

Prometheus signifying Providence—Prometheus, says Lord Bacon, in his Wisdom of the Ancients, clearly and elegantly signifies *Providence*; for, in the universality of nature, the fabric and constitution of man only was by the Ancients, picked out and chosen, and attributed to *Providence*, as a peculiar work. The reason of it seems to be, not only that the nature of man is capable of a mind and understanding, which is the seat of *Providence*; (and, therefore, it would seem strange and incredible, that the reason and mind should so proceed and flow from dumb and deaf principles, as that it should necessarily be concluded, the soul of man to be endued with *Providence*, not without the example, intention, and stamp of a still greater *providence*)—but this also is chiefly propounded, that man is, as it were, the centre of the world, in respect of final causes, so that if man were not in nature, all things would seem to stray and wander without purpose, and like scattered branches, as they say, without inclination to their end. For all things attend on man, and he makes use of, and gathers fruit from all creatures, so that all things seem to work, not for themselves, but for man.

Of the Parcels from divers Animals.—Neither is it added, without consideration, that certain particles were taken from divers living creatures, and mixed and tempered with the clayey mass, because it is most true, that of all things comprehended within the compass of the universe, man is a thing most mixed and compounded, insomuch that he was well termed by the ancients, a little world; for, although the Chymics, with too much curiosity, wrest the elegancy of this word (*Microcosm*) to the letter, contending that they find in man, all minerals, vegetables, and the rest, or anything that holds proportion with them; yet this proposition remains sound and whole, that the body of man of all material beings, is found to be the most compounded, and most organical, whereby it is endued and furnished with most admirable virtues and faculties. And as for simple bodies, their powers are not many, though certain and violent, as exist-

ing without being weakened, diminished, or stunted by nature; for the multiplicity and excellency of operation have their residence in mixture and composition; and yet, nevertheless, man, in his originals, seems to be a thing unarmed, and naked, and unable to help himself, as needing the aid of many things.

The Finding out of Fire, therefore, was a thing Prometheus hastened to do, since it, in a manner, suppeditates and yields comfort and help to all human wants and necessities; so that if the soul be the form of forms, and the hand the instrument of instruments, fire deserves well to be called the succour of succours, or the help of helps, which infinite ways affords aid and assistance to all labours and mechanical arts, and to the sciences themselves.

The Manner of Stealing the Fire, is aptly described, even from the nature of things. . . It was, they say, by a bundle of twigs, held to touch the Chariot of the Sun; for twigs are used in giving blows or stripes, to signify clearly, that fire is engendered by the violent percussion and mutual collision of bodies, by which their material substances are attenuated and set in motion, and prepared to receive the heat and influence of the heavenly bodies; and so in a clandestine manner, and as it were by stealth, may be said to take and snatch fire from the chariot of the sun.

Ingratitude of Men to Prometheus.—Upon this follows a remarkable part of the parable, that men, instead of gratulation and thanksgiving, were angry, and expostulated upon the matter with Prometheus, insomuch, that they accused both him and his invention to Jupiter, which was so acceptable to him, that he augmented their former commodities with a new bounty. Seems it not strange, that ingratitude towards the author of a benefit, a vice that in a manner contains all other vices, should find such approbation and reward? No! it seems to be otherwise. For the meaning of the allegory is this, that men's outrages upon the defects of nature and art, proceed from an excellent disposition of the mind, and turn to their good, whereas the silencing of them is hateful to the gods, and redounds not so much to their profit; for, they that infinitely extol human nature, or the knowledge they possess, breaking out into a prodigal admiration of that they have and enjoy—adoring also those sciences they profess, would have them accounted perfect; they, thereby, first of all, shew little reverence to the divine nature, by equalizing, in a manner, their own defects with God's perfection. Again, they are wonderfully injurious to men, by imagining they have attained the highest step of knowledge, and so resting themselves contented, seek no further. On the contrary, such as bring nature and art to the bar with accusations, and bills of complaint against them, are, indeed, of more true and moderate judgments, for they are ever in action, seeking always to find out new inventions. Men should, therefore, be admonished, that by acknowledging the imperfection of

nature and art, they are grateful to the gods, and shall thereby obtain new benefits and greater favours at their bountiful hands, and the accusation of Promethus their master and author, though bitter and vehement, will conduce more to their profit, than to effuse in the congratulation of his invention; for, in a word, the opinion of having enough, is to be accounted one of the greatest causes of having too little.

The Gift of Perpetual Youth.—Now as touching the kind of gift which men are said to have received in reward of their accusation, namely, a never-fading flower of youth, it is to show, that the ancients seemed not to despair of attaining the skill by means and medicines, to put off old age, and to prolong life, but this to be numbered rather among such things, having been once happily attained to, are now, through man's negligence and carelessness, utterly perished and lost; than among such as have been always denied, and never granted. For they signify and show, that by affording the true use of fire, and by a good and stern accusation and conviction of the errors of art, the divine bounty is not wanting to men in the obtaining of such gifts.

Men's abuse of this Gift.—But men are wanting to themselves in laying this gift of the gods upon the back of a silly, slow-paced ass, which may seem to be experience, a stupid thing, and full of delay; from whose leisurely and snail-like pace, proceeds that complaint of life's brevity, and art's length. For to say truth, these two faculties, *dogmatical* and *empirical*, are not as yet well coupled and joined together, but as new gifts of the gods imposed, either upon philosophical abstractions, as upon a flying bird, or upon slow and dull experience, as upon an ass. Yet should not an ill opinion be entertained of the ass, if it met not for the accidents of travel and thirst, for he who goes constantly on, by the conduct of experience as a rule and method, and covets not to meet with such experiments by the way, as conduce either to gain or ostentation, to obtain which, he must be fain to lay down, and sell this burden, may prove no unfit porter to bear this new addition of divine munificence.

Of the Serpent.—That this gift is said to pass from men to serpents, may seem to be added to the fable for ornament's sake, unless it were inserted to shame men, that having the use of that celestial fire, and of so many arts, are not able to get to themselves such things as nature itself bestows upon many other creatures.

The sudden Reconciliation of men to Prometheus, after they were frustrated of their hopes, contains a very profitable and wise note, showing the levity and temerity of men in new experiments; for if they have not present success, answerable to their expectation, they with too sudden haste desist from what they had begun, and with precipitancy returning to

their former experiments, are reconciled to them again.

The state of man, in respect of arts and such things as concern the intellect, being now described, the fable passes to the religion of those times; for, after the planting of arts, follows the setting of divine principles. Here the story broadens, and becomes fuller of interest and instruction.

(To be continued.)

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COLOURS FOR DRESS.*

To understand the just harmony of colours, in the arrangement of the different parts of dress, is an art as essential to womanly ornament, as to the painter for his shades and tints. Colours, that do not harmonize in the least, are mal-associated daily; and to modify these incongruities in dress, the following ascertained facts will be useful.

When the eye has looked at a red object for a considerable time, it has a tendency to see all things tinted with the supplementary colour, green; and, hence, if a lady about to purchase red silk examines fourteen or fifteen pieces in succession, the four or five last, will appear less red to her than the first ones did, although they are identical in colour and brilliancy.

The dealer in this case, ought to show the purchaser some pieces of green silk; and if the eye of the purchaser dwells on them so long that the normal state of the eye is altered, it will have a tendency to see all things tinted with the complimentary colour, red; and then, a piece of red silk presented to her will appear more red than it actually is.

In the decorations of the interiors of theatres, where as much light as possible is wanted, light colours ought to prevail; blue or crimson should never be used; white ought to prevail in the fronts; and a rose colour should never be used for the backs of the boxes, because that colour gives a green tint to female complexions. A light green, on the contrary, is the best colour to use, this making the complexion more rosy than it really is.

To the interior of houses, similar observations also apply. All reds, orange-tints, and violets, are extremely disadvantageous to the complexion; dark colours are difficult to light up. Among the light colours, the best are yellow, or light green, or light blue; all these being favourable, not only to the woods used for furniture, but also to the complexions of females. After these, whites, whitish tints, and greys, are not disadvantageous.

With regard to the arrangement of ladies' toilets, little can be said but for the white race of females. All the coloured population offer such a strong contrast, that gradations of colour are of little effect with them.

Foy fair-haired or dark-haired ladies, those colours that produce the greatest contrasts,

* Experiments on Colours by M. Chevrenil, translated in the *Lit. Gaz.*

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are best. Thus, for fair hair, sky-blue is very becoming, because it approaches the nearest to the colour which has for its supplement an orange tint, which is the foundation of the tint of the hair and complexion in this case.

Yellow and orange-tinted red are becoming to ladies with black hair, on account of their brilliant contrast; and again, the supplementary colours of these two, viz., violet and bluish green, are also becoming, because they harmonize with the blackness of the hair.

Rose-coloured things should never be put in absolute contact with rosy complexions, because the latter are sure to lose by the comparison; they should be separated either by white lace, or blonde, or, in case of a cap or bonnet, by locks of hair.

Pale green is exceedingly becoming to pale complexions, because it makes them appear more rosy than they really are; but it is unfavourable to ruddy complexions, because it increases their redness.

Violet should never be used for fair complexions, except of a very deep tint, so as to make a strong contrast. A violet-coloured dress will make a fair complexion look green, and will make a yellowish complexion look orange. Orange is bad for all complexions.

Dead white, such as calico, is good for clear complexions, but very disadvantageous for those that are the contrary. On the other hand, the white of muslin, or tulle, in folds, or *en ruche*, is more advantageous.

THE TWO PUNISHMENTS.*

1.—THE CANON AND THE COBBLER.

In a wretched hovel, adjoining the tower of Seville, a woman whom misfortune had made older than years, and a young man, just beyond his boyhood, were occupied in fashioning a pair of sandals. The desolation of the cabin, ornamented only by a crucifix of ebony, and a little mutilated madonna, showed the profound misery of those who dwelt there.—

"Sardon!" said the woman.

The young man slowly lifted his head, and the woman swept away two tears that stole down her cheeks.

"To-day is a sorrowful anniversary for us, my son! Three years ago our bread was far less bitter, for I was not a widow, nor you an orphan!"

A cloud of grief passed over the features of the young Spaniard. "But why *to-day*," said he.

"To-day," repeated his mother, "Antonio Perez reposes in an obscure corner of the cemetery for the poor, among infidel Jews and Moors. Heaven has refused to us, even the consolation of granting him a tomb!"

"Then," answered the orphan, "the ashes of my father are profaned, and we live a prey to suffering and want, *whilst*—"

* Translated from Bohain's French Paper.

"Whilst his murderer riots in the midst of honours and abundance. Canon of the cathedral, and favourite of the king, every one bows to his fortunes; but it was only a poor labourer he killed, a wretched cobbler, nothing else—your father!"

Sardon rose up: he unfastened an old poniard suspended to the crumbling cottage-wall, and seated himself again by his mother.

"Mother," said he, as he sharpened the dagger against the blade of an old knife, "relate this tragic history to me, in all its parts."

The old woman looked for some time on her son, as if to fathom the meaning of his menace; she then seized one of his hands, and held it tenderly between her own.

"Three years ago," said she, "comfort reigned in the house of the shoe-maker Perez: though not rich, we knew not the anguish of want, nor the humiliations of poverty. Your father, humble workman, was industrious, and, therefore, happy. Don Henriquez, favorite of the king, and of an illustrious house, accompanied by Don Pedro of Seville, at this time ran over Spain, committing with impunity, all sorts of frolics and crimes. By misfortune, Henriquez was club-footed. Hearing of your father's cleverness, he came to him that he might dexterously hide the defect. But Perez vainly employed all his skill—the canon was dissatisfied. 'Thy inability deserves punishment!' he cried, as he flung the sandals in his face. Although a shoemaker, your father was a man; he had his dignity as well as the carrier of epaulet and sword. 'Accuse nothing,' answered he, 'but the awkwardness of nature, who made you that abortion.' Don Henriquez could not stomach the sarcasm, he clenched a hammer in the place, and striking with the vehemence of fury, your father fell, never again to rise."

The lips of the young man quivered convulsively.

"How shall I describe," continued the old woman, with a voice stifled by sighs, "the moment when I beheld the bloody corpse of your father? A furious delirium immediately possessed my heart and mind. I armed myself with a poniard—with that very one," said she, in pointing to the rusted weapon her son held in his grasp, "and I wished to plunge it into the heart's blood of the canon who murdered Antonio. But I remembered that I was a mother, and, therefore, restrained my fury. I flung myself at the feet of the judges. God knows what imploring prayers I addressed to those interpreters of the laws—what burning words my despair inspired me to utter. The judges attended to me with commiseration—they promised me full satisfaction, and eight days afterwards, the canon was condemned—"

"To be quartered?" uttered the young man.

"To be suspended from the choir for a year?" replied the old woman, mournfully.

II.—THE SATISFACTION OF THE DEBT.

It was a grand fête-day in Spain—the churches had poured out all the grandeur and solemnities of their Christian pomps—the streets were strewn with roses and orange-flowers—every thing had an air of unwonted joy.

Stationed on the road of Alcazar, a young man, alone seemed a stranger to the universal serenity. His front was austere as that of a priest's, and furrowed like an old man's. His loose and matted hair fell lengthily beside his temples, and to see the sombre flashings of his eyes, and the convulsive restlessness of his movements, it was easy to judge that the heart of that man was a prey to the most devouring passions of his nature.

Many hours he remained pensive and unmoved—his glance rested on the columns of Alcazar, as if he wished to decipher the inscriptions, which the Moors, parting into exile, had left upon the walls of the ancient mosque. Little by little, the twilight spread its vapourous veil over Seville, darkening with its shadows, the domes of the Arab academies, and the gilded pinnacles of the churches. He then roused himself, and throwing a piercing glance around him, he perceived a monk, who came slowly towards him. A long mantle of satin, cut in the fashion of the day, and girdled round his waist by a silken cord ending in golden tassels, descended to his feet, discovering only the half of his rich velvet sandals.

"Don Henriquez," cried the man, "do you know me?"

"No," said the monk, as he shivered, and grew pale.

"Not know me," re-echoed the young Spaniard, with a savage cry—"know you not the son of Antonio Perez! You have forgotten that your victim had a child, and that this child has become a man! The hour of expiation is arrived—your cries are unavailable here—your blood will be unseen in the dark!"

So saying, the son of the shoe-maker, seized the canon by the throat, cast him to his feet in spite of resistance, and then dug his dagger into his breast.

"Death for death!" cried he, "I am avenged and paid."

III.—PEDRO THE JUST.

After the murder of Don Henriquez, the son of Antonio Perez, who now demanded nothing but to die, denounced himself openly to the justiciaries. The magistrates, as was expected, took no account of the mitigating circumstances of the crime. Sardon Perez was nothing but a workman—Henriquez was the favourite of the king. Justice could not equalize the punishment, and Sardon was condemned to be quartered. This affair came to the ears of Don Pedro of Castille, surnamed Pedro the Just, who ordered the young man to be brought before him.

"You are accused of the murder of Don Henriquez!" said King Pedro.

"I committed the act," coldly replied Sardon.

"On what account?"

"To avenge my father—shamefully murdered!"

"Don Henriquez was a noble," replied the king.

"Don Henriquez was a man!" answered Sardon.

"Why did you not apply for justice?"

"Because your justice is unjust. Unable to gain a righteous judgment, I have taken it myself. I constituted myself both judge and executioner!"

"Do you know the punishment that threatens you?"

"Yes," said the son of Perez.

The king turned himself towards the corridor.

"To what punishment did they condemn the murderer of the shoemaker?"

"To be suspended from his canonry for a year."

"And the murderer of the priest?"

"To death."

Don Pedro frowned. "By Christ!" cried he, "justice shall not regard privileges. We cancel the verdict of the judges, and we condemn the son of the shoemaker to be suspended from working at his trade for the space of a whole year."

ABO, IN FINLAND.

From the highest rock (says a modern traveller,) on which there is a handsome observatory, with towers, and a statue on the summit, a beautiful prospect is presented, not only of the town on each side of the banks of the river and its serpentine stream, but of the country around, which is enlivened by the numerous windmills on the opposite heights. The cathedral, erected in 1300, and which is supposed to be the oldest church in Finland, ranks next to Upsala, in Sweden, in point of antiquity. It is built of brick, in the Gothic style, with a roof of sheet iron. The interior is remarkably neat, and peculiar grandeur and solemnity reign throughout the whole. It is about one hundred and fifty feet in length, and eighty in breadth: it is upwards of one hundred feet in height, and supported on each side by nine columns. There are two aisles, in which there are recesses with windows; these recesses, which appear to have been used as chapels, are, at present, occupied by the tombs of families of distinction. The library consists of three rooms, in the principal one of which there is a marble bust, on a pedestal of granite, of M. Porthou, professor of eloquence. It contains upwards of 40,000 volumes, among which are some of the writings of Hieronymus, 1468; a Latin Bible, 1479; and a collection of works on jurisprudence, by Professor Chabold, of Leipzig.

W. G. C.

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SUITS BROUGHT AGAINST ANIMALS.

This title may cause our readers to smile, but it is true that judges have been found so forgetful of their dignity as to summon before them snails, caterpillars, pigs, and other animals charged with offences.

The proceedings were attended by all the formalities of law, the accused were summoned to appear, witnesses were sworn, counsel heard on both sides, and frequently the sentence carried into effect by the public executioner.

Chasseneux, president of the Parliament of Provence, in a work published in 1531, discusses the question, whether animals are within the jurisdiction of courts, and decides in the affirmative. He gives an account of an indictment found against the *hannetons* of Beance, and some others of the same kind, such as the trial of some snails, at Autun, in 1487, at Lyons, in 1500, and of some rats about the same time.

By a minute report of De Thou, it appears farther, that Chasseneux was counsel for the defendants in this last case; and that after the indictment was found, he applied several times for further delay.

He first argued that a single summons to

appear was insufficient, as his clients were scattered through the country.

A second summons was issued, which was read at the church-door of every village, after mass.

When the time expired, Chasseneux urged the difficulty the rats experienced in coming to court, owing to the watchfulness of their enemies, the cats, who, being informed of the suit, were lying in wait for them everywhere.

After his ingenuity was exhausted, he pleaded guilty, and recommended his clients to the mercy of the court.

In 1266, a pig was burned alive at Fontenoy-aux-Roses, for having killed an infant.

In 1386, the judges of Falaise condemned a hog to the same fate, also for having assaulted a child. The sentence was executed at the Hotel de Ville, and the expenses attending it are charged in the town accounts. The animal was dressed in men's clothes.

In 1389, a horse was executed at Dijon for having killed its master.

Nor is it necessary to go so far back, for, in 1668, Gaspard Bally, advocate at Chambéry, published a special treatise on this sort of proceedings, with forms of the indictment, pleas, &c.

Topographical Reminiscences.



THE MARTYR'S STONE, AT HADLEIGH, SUFFOLK.

To the Editor of *The Mirror*

SIR,

MONUMENTAL Stones are at all times objects of the greatest interest; and seeing in No. 999 of the *Mirror*, an account of the Martyr's Stone to the memory of Dr. Taylor, at Hadleigh, I have sent you a sketch of it; which, prior to the year 1819, was encircled by rude iron railings, when several spirited individuals undertook to erect a monument by subscription, which was completed and placed upon the same spot in that year.

The Martyr's Stone, of which the above engraving is a faithful representation, sketched during the present summer, lies at the base of the newly-erected monument.

The following beautiful lines were written by the late Dr. Drake, M.D., of Hadleigh, which are upon the new monument:

Mark this rude stone, where Taylor dauntless stood,
Where Zeal infuriate drank the Martyr's blood.
Hadleigh!—That day how many a tem'rous eye
Saw thy lov'd Pastor dragg'd a Victim by;
Still scattering gifts and blessings as he past;
To the Blind Fair, his farewell arms were cast;
His clinging Flock o'er him were round him pray'd
“As thou hast aided us, Be God thine Aid.”
Nor taunts, nor bribes, of mitered rank, nor stake,
Nor blows, nor flames, his heart of firmness shake.
Serene—his folded hands, his upward eyes,
Like Holy Stephen's, seek the opening Skies;
There fix'd in rapture, his prophetic sight
Views truth dawn clear on England's Bigot night;
Triumphant Saint!—He bow'd and kiss'd the rod,
And soar'd on Seraph wing to meet his God.

J. D. P.

WHICH IS THE LIGHTER MISFORTUNE—TO BE BLIND OR DEAF?

VERY frequently has the topic been discussed, as to whether, had we our choice of the two privations, we should prefer being *deaf* or *blind*; and in most cases, where the question has been agitated, the *former* has invariably been esteemed the lesser affliction.

In opposition, however, to this decision, and as apparently tending to render the propriety of such a choice, somewhat doubtful, at least, the well-known fact, of blind persons always appearing the most cheerful and happy, while a melancholy shade pervades the countenance of the deaf, has been urged with considerable force, and never very clearly accounted for. This first apprehension arises chiefly, we conceive, from the following causes:—

1. When we contrast the cheerfulness of blind persons with the apparent gravity or dullness of the deaf, we form our estimate of the relative degrees of comfort and happiness enjoyed by them, from their conduct and appearance in society only.

But in thus drawing the comparison, we manifestly err; the *place* and *time* of observation being favourable to the *one*, and not so to the *other*.

2. We judge abstractedly of their wants and inconveniences, which also leads to an inaccurate and directly opposite conclusion.

Deaf Man in Society.—Society possesses nearly all the charms for the *blind* it ever had; but the *deaf man* is very differently situated. His loss is aggravated, from witnessing the pleasure which conversation affords to those around him, while he is unable to participate. He *sees* his friends, it is true, but they are to him, little more than the almost animated pictures on the canvass. He is a spectator of their happiness, but the more to feel his own misfortune.

Blind Man in Society.—The blind person, on the contrary, just escaped, perhaps, from the tedium of a darkened solitude, feels himself alive to all the pleasures arising from social intercourse; the chit-chat and topic of the day, discussions on literature and taste, the brilliancy of wit, and edge of satire, in their turn, engage his attention, and he is a partaker of the entertainment they afford. Music, that “softest soother of the mind,” sounds as melodious as ever in his ear, and while rapt in the enthusiasm it not unfrequently excites—a lover of this charming science, would, with reluctance, give up the pleasures it affords, for the restoration even of sight itself.*

Deaf Man in Retirement!—To review the deaf man's feelings *most* to his advantage, we must follow him into *retirement*. Nature displays her ample volume to his view, in all her charms; her unnumbered beauties

* Sonorum immensa varietas est. . . . multique hominum ex hoc inexhausto fonte, parus et suavissimas voluptates hauriunt. Gregorii Conspectus.

pass before him in silent majesty; such scenes he contemplates with rapture, and lost in admiration, no wonder he exclaims, “Thank God, I am not blind!” In his closet, the treasures of learning and science afford him means of improvement and delight; books supply him with intellectual gratification, without giving trouble to himself or others; philosophical experiments may enlarge his mind, and their benevolent application warm his heart.

So far, then, this short view (which might be much enlarged upon) will serve to show, that if in *society*, the *blind* have their advantages—in *retirement*, the *deaf* have theirs: and reconciles the seeming contradiction of the vivacity of the one, and gloom of the other.

Further comparison of their Wants and Enjoyments.—In considering their mutual dependence on the assistance and kind offices of others,† it must be confessed, that *prima facie*, the *deaf man* seems to have the advantage, but a minute investigation will induce us, perhaps, to be less confident in our first opinion.

The idea of being *led* from place to place is melancholy, and, we believe, has principal weight among the reasons which induce us to prefer the situation of the *deaf*; but *their* dependence, though of a different kind, is very nearly as great as the other. *They* can pursue their way unaided, it is true, but it is the cheerless walk of *silence*—they see the busy stir of men—are anxious to know the meaning of *his* haste, or *her* alarm, but inquire in vain; they are introduced, as it were, by *one* sense, to the scene before them, but the motive or design of the actors is unknown, from the loss of *another*.

Case of accidental Dangers.—Sight will, in most instances, enable us to escape from, or prevent the occurrence of accidental dangers, which a loss of it would frequently expose to; yet, we have known a *deaf* person rode over from not *hearing* the approach of mischief, which, if *heard*, a *blind* one could have shunned.

A Fire imagined.—In case of fire, we picture to ourselves with horror, the helpless situation of the *blind*. Terrified and alarmed—aware of the impending danger, he is yet unable to take advantage of the warning, but must trust to the precarious fidelity of attendants, who, in such a situation, are impelled by the strongest law of nature, to seek their *own* in preference to another's preservation. In such an awful scene, however, the *deaf man* is also in eminent danger. Night is the season of repose, and those who are incapable of *hearing* an alarm, are most likely to sleep sound and undisturbed. A friend or servant may cry with the voice of a Stentor, or thunder

+ All this, to a certain extent, may be asserted of the *blind*, but their dependance on others, in the instances alluded to, is so great and absolute, that the anticipated *pleasure*, must often terminate in *pain*.

at his door in vain—he sleeps on—or only wakes—alas! to see, without being able to escape from the calamity.

We have thus set the *pro* and *con* of the question before our readers—for a human creature to be afflicted by either, is a sad dispensation of providence; but the writer of the present paper would wish that both the blind or deaf man respectively, might herefrom comfort himself with arguments to reconcile himself the better to his own peculiar calamity—that the blind may thank Heaven he is not deaf, and the deaf that he is not blind.

HISTORY OF SWORDS.*

Primitive Swords of Rude Nations.—Swords of brass, of copper, and of wood, have been common, in times and countries remote from our own. The American Indians fabricated them of the latter material, and these swords, formed out of a peculiarly hard wood, have met with a character so formidable, as to be considered hardly, if at all, inferior to those of metal.

Some savages have used swords edged with shark's teeth, calculated to do horrible execution in hands accustomed to wield them.

The aborigines of South America, dwelling in the regions of volcanic eruptions, made their keen-edged weapons of obsidian, a species of hard vitreous lava, not unfrequently found in the form of wedges.

Humboldt says, the Mexicans dug obsidian in mines, which took up a vast extent of ground; and that of it they made knives, sword-blades, and razors.

The Turks, very early Sword-makers.—Long before the inroads of the Slavonians and Bulgarians on the western empire, in the ridge of mountains called the Caf, Altai, or Girdle of the World, so productive of minerals, the Turks had instituted multitudes of iron forges. Here, indeed, they forged those warlike instruments, which afterwards made them masters of Constantinople.

Roman Swords.—The Roman generals, and others in the army, who prided themselves as warriors upon the temper of their swords, frequently obtained their weapons at a great price from cutlers, who used a description of iron smelted in the district of Illyria, formerly called the Noric Alps: hence *Noricus ensis*, in the Augustan age, was synonymous with a good blade, as an Andrea Ferrara was in later times.

Swords of Toledo.—Spain, during the middle ages, boasted swords of very superior temper. At the present day, many of the successors of those sword-smiths who furnished such admirable instruments during the Moorish wars, are still to be seen at work. The manufactory of Toledo still exists, as re-established by Charles III., at the close of the last century, and its weapons are no whit inferior.

* Much information may be gleaned upon this subject from vol. 42 of the Cabinet Cyclopædia.

rior to the famous *Toledanos* of chivalrous times.

Bilboa-blades.—Bilboa might anciently have disputed the honour of being considered the Birmingham of Spain. Its blades were highly celebrated, and it exported immense quantities of iron and steel, in bars, about a century ago, to England and France.

Swords from Italy: Milan.—As well as from Spain, the Crusaders, and contemporary warriors, derived their swords from Italy. Milan was, during the twelfth and following centuries, one of the most celebrated European marts for the sale of arms. This city, at that period of her liberty, had a population triple what it is at the present day. It was said the country was depopulated to supply the manufacturers of the towns.

Sabres of Damascus.—The most famous sabres in the world were those manufactured in the east, at Damascus. The characteristics ascribed to the real Damascus blades, are extraordinary keenness of edge, great flexibility of substance, a singular grain of flockiness always observable on the surface, and a peculiar musky odour given out by any friction of the blade, either by bending or otherwise. The extraordinary power of execution so generally accorded to the weapon, appears, in most instances to have depended chiefly on the strength and dexterity of the user. A gentleman who purchased one of these sabres in the East Indies for a thousand piastres, found the instrument very flexible, and bore a very fine keen edge, but it could not, with safety, be bent to more than 45° from the straight shape, and it was not near so sharp as a razor, yet, wielded by a skilful hand, it would cut through a thick roll of sail-cloth without apparent difficulty, a feat which could not be performed by an ordinary sword. As to the odour alluded to as one of the tests of the real eastern sabre, its presence does not appear to be universal, much less need we suppose that it is in any instance incorporated with the metal itself while in a state of fluidity. It is perfectly easy to conceive, that in countries where perfumes are so general, that what is applied to everything else would be likewise applied to the sword; for a Mahomedan does not prize his beard more than he appears to value the instruments which are at once the pride of his equipment, and the safeguard of his person.

Names of Swords.—During the early ages, European warriors frequently gave names to their favourite weapons: many of these are preserved by authors who have described military exploits:—

The sword of Magnus, an old king of Norway, was called by him LEG-BITER.

The celebrated sword of King Arthur, of which every one has heard, was called CALIBURN. Its value may be estimated from the fact that the heroic crusader, Tancred, gave to Richard I., in return for it, "four great ships, and fifteen galleys."

An Andalusian, who always carries his sword about with him, calls it his Santa Theresa, and says, that when he draws it, "Trembla la tierra," the earth trembles.

"Andrea Ferrara," was the name of a great many weapons of excellence; this celebrated individual being formerly considered the only man in Great Britain, who knew how to temper a sword in such a way that the point should bend to touch the hilt, and spring back again uninjured.*

Cruciform Swords.—At a period when the zeal of the Crusaders laboured to give the form of a cross to almost every object capable of being moulded by their pious ingenuity, the straight sword of a holy warrior, with a plain transverse guard, was without violence considered to represent the emblem of his Saviour's passion. It was, therefore, not uncommon for the expiring knight to fix his eyes on his sword-hilt as a lively symbol of his faith.

The celebrated chevalier Bayard, "the knight without fear and without reproach," when mortally wounded at the battle of Rebec, breathed his last words while kneeling before his sword as a representation of the cross.

In the museum of Armour at Madrid, may still be seen several swords of the foregoing description, including those of the Cid, of Guzman, Gonzalo, and Cortez. "They are all," says a recent traveller, "straight, long, and two-edged, with plain scabbards of old velvet, and hilts in the shape of a cross." Here are, likewise, some swords of immense length, made at Rome, and consecrated by the Pope, who sent them to be used in the Crusades against the Saracens.

LILIES OF CANADA.

A very beautiful plant of the lily tribe abounds both in the woods and clearings of Canada; it has been called the downy-lily, though it is widely spread over a great portion of the continent. The Americans term the white and red varieties of this species, the "white" and "red death." The flower is either deep red, or of a dazzling white, though the latter is often found stained with delicate bluish-pink, or a deep-green; the latter appears to be caused by the calix running into the petal. Therefore it bears so formidable a name has not yet transpired. The flower consists of three petals, the calix three; it belongs to the class and order *Herandria monogynia*; style, three cleft; seed-vessel of three valves; soil, dry woods, and cleared lands; leaves growing in three, springing from the joints, large round, but a little pointed at the extremities.

* He is said to have resided in the Highlands of Scotland, where he employed many workmen to forge his swords, spending all his own time in tempering them. This operation he performed in a dark cellar, the better to enable him to perceive the effect of the heat, and, probably, as a more effectual screen to his own secret method of tempering.

New Books.

Ecclesiastical and Political History of the Popes of Rome during the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. Translated from the German of Leopold Ranke, by Sarah Austin. [Murray.]

[All of Rome's triple-crowned princes, who have sat on St. Peter's throne, through two of the most eventful centuries in the world, are here arrayed and reviewed. Each of them serves individually as a centre, around whom crowd and cluster a host of gifted and great geniuses—men who glorified Art in each and all of its departments. Of one of these—the musician Palestrina—we proceed to set forth a tale, which, while interesting as history, shows the happy style of the translator.]

PALESTRINA'S CELEBRATED MASS.

In the middle of the sixteenth century, music had lost herself in the most intricate artificiality, and it was long doubted whether it would lend itself entirely to the purposes of the church or not. The reputation of a composer rested entirely on arbitrary and difficult tricks; the human voice was treated as a mere instrument, the meaning of the words being wholly disregarded. A vast number of the masses of that period were little else than variations on themes of some well-known profane airs.

No wonder, therefore, if the Council of Trent was scandalized at the performance of such music in the churches. In consequence of its discussion, Pius IV. nominated a commission to advise upon the question, whether music was to be permitted in the churches or not, and the decision was very doubtful.

Happily for art, the right man appeared at the critical moment. Among the composers at that time in Rome was Pier-Luigi Palestrina.

The rigour of Paul IV. had driven Palestrina out of the papal chapel because he was married; from that time he had lived, secluded and forgotten, in a miserable hut among the vineyards of Monte Celio.

His was a spirit that adversity could not crush. Even in this solitude he devoted himself to his art with an enthusiasm which ensured to the creative power within him, freedom and originality of production. Here he wrote the "Improperie," which still yearly solemnizes Good Friday in the Sistine Chapel.

Never, probably, had a composer a more exquisite appreciation of the profound sentiment of his text, of its symbolical meaning, its application to religion, its capacity for moving the soul. If ever a man was competent to make the experiment, whether the method he had adopted could be applied to the more extended and complicated work of a mass, it was Palestrina, the commission was entrusted to him.

He felt completely that it was an experiment on which depended the life or death of

the grand music of the mass. He applied himself to his task with conscious tension of all his powers; on his manuscript were found the words, "Domine, illumina oculos meos!"

He did not immediately succeed; the two first attempts failed; but, at length, in a fortunate moment, he completed that mass, known under the name of the mass of Pope Marcellus, which surpassed all expectation.

Though full of simple melody, it may be compared in variety with any preceding masses. Choruses separate and reunite; the meaning of the words is expressed with unrivaled force and accuracy; the kyrie is sub-mission; the agnus, humility; the credo, majesty. Pope Pius IV., before whom it was performed, was enraptured, and compared it to the heavenly melodies, which John the Apostle heard in his ecstatic trance.

By this one great example the question was for ever set at rest. A path was opened, in following which, the most beautiful works, the most touching, even to those who are not of the church, was produced. Who can hear them without enthusiasm! It is as if nature acquired tone and utterance; as if the elements spoke, and the voice of universal life broke forth in the spontaneous harmony of adoration; now undulating, like the waves of the sea—now mounting in songs of triumph to Heaven.

This art, which had, perhaps, been more completely alienated, from the spirit and service of the church than any other, now became the most strongly attached to it. Music from that time subjugated all minds to her empire.

A Practical Treatise on the Cultivation of the Grape-Vine on Open Walls. By Clement Hoare.

[THERE are few cottagers who might not add most beneficially to their comforts and resources, by the cultivation of the vine, as recommended by Mr. Hoare. Instead of bare plaster walls, how many of them, turned to the sun, might be covered with ripe clusters and rich foliage. How many hill-sides and sunny slopes in the south and west of England, now barren and productiveless, might "wave in purple," and "drop sweet wine." These are no figures of rhetoric—Mr. Hoare shows the thing to be easily practicable, and while he recommends the culture, shows how it may be effected.]

CULTURE OF VINES BY COTTAGEERS.

Wall-Vines.—It is not too much to assert that the surface of walls of every cottage of a medium size that is applicable to the training of vines, is capable of producing annually, as many grapes as would be worth half the amount of its rental. Every square foot of the surface of a wall, may in a short space of time, be covered with bearing wood, sufficient to produce, on an average, a pound weight of grapes, and I have frequently grown double that quantity on a similar extent of surface.

Requisite portion of Walling.—I scarcely ever allot more than forty or fifty square feet of surface for one vine. On a wall only twenty-five inches in height, and eighteen feet in length, I have, for years, trained a vine that is a perfect picture of fertility—the whole surface of the wall being every year covered with fine grapes, close down to the very stem of the plant. It will thus be seen, that small detached portions and vacant spaces of the surface of walls, which, in innumerable instances, are deemed of no value, and are, therefore, neglected, may be turned to the most beneficial account.

Aspects for Vines.—On walls having any of these aspects, (range from *eastern* to *south-eastern*) the sun shines with full force in the early part of the morning. These rays, darting nearly perpendicularly on the foliage of a vine, while the dew yet remains, and its beautiful crystal drops hang suspended, as it were by magic, to the angular extremities of the leaves, seem to stimulate the vital energies of the plant in an extraordinary degree.

[The next best aspects are from south-east to south: due south is good, but the south-west winds are oftentimes harmful. Another aspect, east by north, is very good: on a wall facing this point, the sun shines till about eleven o'clock in the forenoon.]

Soils for Vineyards.—The natural soil, which is most congenial to the growth of the vine, and to the perfection of its fruit, in this country, is a light, rich, sandy loam, not more than eighteen inches in depth. One of the principal causes of grapes not ripening well on open walls in this country, is the great depth of *mould* in which the roots are suffered to run, which enticing them to penetrate in search of food below the influence of the sun's rays, supplies them with too great a quantity of moisture.

Sub-Soil.—This should be a dry bottom of gravel, stones, or rocks. No sub-soil can possess too great a quantity of these materials for the roots of the vine, which run with eagerness into all clefts, crevices, and openings. It is impossible, indeed, to make a vine-border of materials that shall be too dry or porous.

Air for the roots.—It is not mere *earth* that the roots require to come in contact with, to induce growth and extension, but *air* also, which is as necessary to them as the leaves and branches. The excrementitious matter discharged from the roots of a vine, is very great; and, if this be given out in a soil that is close and adhesive, and through which, the action of the solar rays is feeble; the air in the neighbourhood of the roots quickly becomes deleterious, and a languid and diseased vegetation immediately follows. But if the root grows in a soil composed of dry materials, mixed together in such a manner as to possess a series of cavities and interstices, into which the sun's rays can enter with freedom, and there exert their full power; the air in which the roots perform their functions, becomes warmed

and purified—they absorb their food in a medium which dissipates their secretions, and a healthy and vigorous vegetation is the never-failing consequence. All borders, therefore, made expressly for the reception of vines, ought to be composed of a sufficient quantity of dry material, such as stones, brickbats broken moderately small, lumps of old mortar, broken pottery, oyster-shells, &c.

[Bones, bone-dust, hoofs, horns, whole carcasses of animals, leather-cuttings, woollen-rags, hair, feathers, &c., are all, in turn, recommended by Mr. Hoare for manure :—]

Bones, however, on account of their prolonged effect, says our author, are by far the most valuable manure that can be deposited in a vine-border. They should be buried in the soil whole, and as fresh as possible. Every variety of size may be procured, from the smallest bone of a fowl to the largest bone of an ox. The smallest bones will decompose in a few months, but the largest will remain for twenty, and even fifty years, before they are entirely decayed. . . . It is worthy of remark also, that every bone, whether small or large, after it has been deposited in the soil a few weeks, will begin to yield by the decomposition on its surface, a steady supply of nutritious matter, and continue so to do, until it form part of the soil itself.

Plain Rules for the Pruner.

1. In pruning, always cut upwards, and in a sloping direction.

2. Always leave an inch of blank wood beyond a terminal bud, and let the cut be on the opposite side of the bud.

3. Prune so as to leave as few wounds as possible, and let the surface of every cut be perfectly smooth.

4. In cutting out an old branch, prune it even with the parent limb, that the wound may heal quickly.

5. Prune so as to obtain the quantity of fruit desired, on the smallest number of shoots possible.

6. Never prune in frosty weather, nor when a frost is expected.

7. Never prune in the months of March, April, or May. Pruning in either of these months causes bleeding, and occasions, thereby, a wasteful and an injurious expenditure of sap.

8. Let the general autumnal pruning take place as soon after the 1st of October, as the gathering of the fruit will permit.

Lastly, use a pruning knife of the best description, and let it be, if possible, as sharp as a razor.

[The sorts recommended by Mr. Hoare for culture, are the Black Hamburg, Black Prince, Esperione, Black Muscadine, Miller's Burgundy, Claret Grape, (harsh, as a table fruit, unless well-ripened) Black Frontignan, White Frontignan, Malmsey, Muscadine, and White Sweet-water.

Ganymede's cup blushed with no rosier

juices, than many of the above-recited wine-bearers: indeed, such is the fascination of this species of culture, that, at the same time inspired and guided by Mr. Hoare, the pruning-hook is already in our hands, and we in the vineyards. A few more suns, and the fruit that is but yet crude and green, will have swelled to purple maturity—then, with Bacchus, will we shake the thyrus, and from a cup *splendior vitro*, drink temperate health and pleasure.]

Fine Arts.

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING PRACTICAL DESIGN, AND LOVE OF ARTS AMONG THE PEOPLE.

To promote this elevated intention—to which we wish success from our heart of hearts—a meeting of promoters and friends was held on the 7th instant at the Society's rooms, Leicester-square. Casts from the antique, models, paintings, and ornaments, for the use of the students, were placed on different pedestals, or suspended on the wall round the room, producing a pleasing and most picturesque effect. Mr. Latilla, the chief orator on the occasion, read an eloquent composition on the advantage of arts to a country. None, he asserted, but refined nations cultivated the arts, and art was, therefore, an index to the state of a nation's refinement. Of Jerusalem and Babylon little is known, seeing that their works of art remain not; ancient Egypt would have been a blank in our knowledge, but for its fragmentary remains of magnificence. Than the cultivation of art no more powerful engine exists, continued he, for producing mental refinement; this was even visible among the working-classes, by the preference given by them to town-prints in the cotton manufacture, solely on account of their superiority. Among other topics, the lecturer alluded to the effects produced by a knowledge of art among the ancient Greeks in the elegance of every species of manufacture; helmets, swords, candelabra, all were elegant and splendid works of art. Free scope again, he remarked, was the great impeller in promoting art, and through this, the men of the 16th century chiefly rose to eminence. Patronage could not create genius, but it could foster and develop it, and it was to be regretted that our palaces and public buildings were not more adorned with works of art. If the walls, continued Mr. Latilla, of the new Houses of Parliament were painted in fresco, it would revive the English school in the highest order of art, now totally neglected. In fresco painting every faculty of the mind was called forth; the Germans were obtaining a distinguished name from their attention to fresco; and encouragement awaited the higher walks in France, more than it did in this country. Vainly, said the talented lecturer, until the higher walks of art be encouraged, will this country ever be expected to produce a Raphael or an Angelo.

The excellent suggestion of Mr. Latilla, urging that in the decorations of the new Houses of Parliament, the labours of the statuary and painter should not be forgotten, was again reiterated by the president, who further showed, that in addition to the School of Design instituted by the government, similar Schools of Design had already sprung up in Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Coventry, and Edinburgh. The Government School had already sent forth upwards of 400 pupils into different parts of the country, and seven of the pupils had been admitted students into the Royal Academy. From institutions such as these, he foresaw that artists would spring, who would contribute to grace their art, and glorify their country.

of a mass of corals, which being often detached from the rocks and thrown upon the beach, may have attracted the attention of the Greeks. The atmosphere, also, in that country, assumes above the mountains, a rosy hue, which is reflected by the sea. The whole of this appearance is the more striking, inasmuch as in so arid a region, no considerable mass is observable, which disturbs the general uniformity of colour.

ALEXANDER AND THE AFRICAN KING.

ALEXANDER of Macedon once entered into a neighbouring and wealthy province of Africa; the inhabitants came forth to meet him, and brought him their robes filled with golden apples and fruits. "Eat this fruit among yourselves!" said Alexander, "I am not come to see your wealth, but to learn your customs." They then conducted him to the market where their king administered justice.

A citizen just then came before him, and said, "I bought of this man, O king, a sack full of chaff, and have found in it a secret treasure. The chaff is mine, but not the gold; and this man will not take it again. Command him, O king, that he receive it, for it is his own."

And his antagonist, a citizen also of the place, answered:—

"Thou fearest to retain anything unjustly; and should not I also fear to receive such a thing from thee? I have sold thee the sack with all that was in it. Keep it, for it is thine. Command him, O king!"

The king inquired of the first one, if he had a son. He answered, "Yes." He inquired of the other if he had a daughter, and the same answer, "Yes," was returned. "Well, then," said the king, "you are both just men—marry your children to each other, and give them the discovered treasure as a marriage-portion. That is my verdict."

Alexander was astonished when he heard this decision.

"Have I judged unjustly," said the king of this remote country, "that thou art thus astonished?"

"Not at all," answered Alexander, "but in our country they would have judged far otherwise."

"And how then would they have judged?" inquired the African king.

"Both parties would have lost their heads," answered Alexander, "and their treasure would have fallen into the hands of the king."

Then the king clasped his hands together, and said, "Does the sun then shine upon you? And do the heavens still shower their rain upon you?" Alexander replied, "Yes."

"It must then be," continued the king, "for the sake of the innocent beasts which live in your country; for upon such men no sun should shine and no rain should fall."

ANCIENT NAMES OF THE RED SEA.

ORIGIN OF THE EPITHET "RED."

As far back as ancient records reach, we find this sea called, by Moses, *Jam Suph*, the Sea of Rushes. This appellation is hardly justified by the few rushes which are found near some springs on the western coast; it might, perhaps, be more accurately referred to the quantity of corals which appear on its banks, and which, at low water, are on a level with the sea.

Rosenmüller shows very clearly, in his *Biblischen Alterthümer*, that *Jam Suph* has been inaccurately translated "the sea of rushes," and that it ought to be called the sea of "Madrepores," which occupy the bottom.

Giovanni Finati, speaking of his voyage on the Red Sea, says that, "the weather was so calm, and the water so transparent, that he amused himself by observing the peculiarity of the depths beneath him, where weeds and coral grow to such a size, and so disposed, as almost to have the appearance of groves and gardens."

The Greek authors make no mention of this name: they call it the Erythrean, or Red Sea, a name, the origin of which is to be found, it is said, in the history of Perseus, or Erythrae, who set out in search of his horses, which a lioness had put to flight, in an island at a short distance from the coast. This tradition, however, more properly belongs to the Persian Gulf, to which, in fact, it gave the name, and can have no relation to the Arabian Gulf, as Herodotus justly remarks.

"But the Greeks," says M. Laborde, in his *Petras*, "called this sea, the Red Sea, for a much more simple reason, which has been alluded to by several ancient as well as modern travellers, namely, the colour of the mountains, which, from the summit of Ammam Pharaoh, to the end of the Elanitic gulf, and also on the Egyptian coast, are formed of rose-coloured granite, of porphyry, and frequently of sandstone, veined with oxide of iron, which looks a deep red. To these features may be added the circumstance, that the bottom is composed

The Gatherer.

It would be well if we lived in a period, when to be guilty of painting guilt, were held to be as bad as being guilty of guilt itself.

Gibbon says, that not more than the one hundredth part of the male population can be engaged in the profession of arms, without wearing out a country.

Roman Coins.—A vase, equal in contents to about two quarts, was found last June in Charnwood Forest, near Loughborough, Leicestershire, full of coins, from A.D. 40 to 68. It was only a foot under the surface.

Suicides in July.—It appears from inquiries instituted, that, in the course of the last month, no fewer than sixty cases of self-destruction occurred in this metropolis and its suburbs, of which, twenty were by poison, twelve by throat-cutting, five by shooting, and the remainder were cases of hanging and drowning.

Hair-cutting of Henry VIII.'s time.—The method of hair-cutting at this period, among the lower classes, was this:—a basin was placed on the head, and the hair rounded to it.

Imprisoned Frog.—A workman of Messrs. Campions, lately found a frog in the centre of a solid log of oak, about twelve feet from the root. It was in a hollow, towards which, not the vestige of a crack could be discovered, and lived for eighteen hours after extraction from its long abode, calculated at about two hundred years' duration.—*Yorkshire Gaz.*

In 1750, the property in the name of the Accountant-general of the Court of Chancery was £1,660,000. It has now increased to £1,000,000.

A certain naval officer of a bad figure, was once pointed out in company to a lady, as a lieutenant just made—"and not well made either," was the feminine remark.

A great deal of love may be made in one word: for example, when Charlotte laid her hand upon Werter's arm, and said, "Klopstock!"

The splendid abbey of Fontevraud, the Lion-Heart's burial-place, has been of late degraded into a prison: the choir of the church only being now employed as a chapel.—*Costello's Summer among the Vines.*

The city of Van, said to have been erected by Semiramis, is celebrated for its wall of natural rock, so regular, as to have been described by many as an artificial structure. Some of the excavations in this rock appear to be not unlike, in character, to those of Petra.—*Southgate's Tour in Mesopotamia, &c.*

There are in the world, but two classes of people—those who have, and those who are striving to get. The former go to bed, the latter keep stirring. My atmosphere is *action*. As I learned this lesson early and seasonably; I shall get pretty forward—that's all. There

have been only two who began at forty, that made any progress—Cromwell and Jean Jacques; if you had given one of them a farm, and the other twelve hundred francs and his maid-servant, they would neither have preached, nor commanded, nor written.—*Napoleon's Saying.*

M. Bonafous, at a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences, Paris, communicated that the practice adopted by the Chinese of partially feeding their silkworms on rice-flour, sprinkled over the mulberry leaves, had led him to try whether by colouring the flour with madder, indigo, and other innoxious dyes, he could not give a colour to the produce of the worm. The result had been satisfactory, and cocoons, thus tinted, were laid before the Academy.

In Liverpool, there are more than 7,800 cellars, occupied by upwards of 39,000 persons, being one-fifth of all the working classes in that town. In Manchester, nearly 15,000 live in cellars, being about 12 in every 100 of the working-classes.

The Ten Tribes.—An enterprising Missionary, the Rev. Jacob Samuel, well-known by his labours in the East, has made a deeply important discovery—remains of the Ten Tribes, retaining all the habits and characteristics of the ancient Hebrews, have been discovered by him on the S. W. shores of the Caspian Sea, enclosed by a chain of mountains. The evidence on the subject will shortly be given to the world.

H. I.

Roman Antiquities.—have been lately discovered at Strasburg. Some workmen, digging in a cellar, came upon slabs of a very fine red earth, and more common material, bearing the inscription, "Eighth Augustan Legion." Also fragments of a magnificent Etruscan vase, of admirable workmanship, and another containing ashes. Excavations are now carrying on.

This day, will be erected, on the pedestal of blue stone, in St. Peter's Place, opposite the Schelt, Antwerp, till the bronze figure may be completed, the statue of Rubens, it being the anniversary of Rubens' birth-day. Splendid fêtes also will take place in the city.

A singular custom prevails at Gainsborough, of giving away penny loaves on the morning of a funeral, to whomsoever demands them: this custom has prevailed for so long a period, that the poorer inhabitants look upon it as a right.—*Lincoln Chron.*

Near Astoria, in the territory of Oregon, eight miles from the embouchure of the river Columbia, exists a fir, measuring forty-six feet round, and one hundred and fifty-five feet high. Another fir, on the banks of the Umpqua, measures fifty-seven feet in girth, and two hundred and forty-six feet high.

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